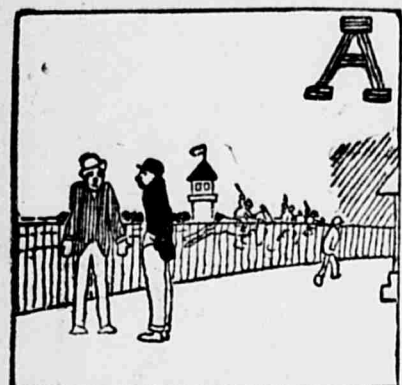


## The Evening World.

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## GAMBLING IS GAMBLING.



PAMPHLET has been issued by the Jockey Club stewards entitled "The Truth About Racing."

The object of this pamphlet is to justify the Percy-Gray law, under which one penalty is imposed for betting within a race track and another penalty for making a bet outside the race-track fence. This is the law which Gov. Hughes in his message seeks to amend so that the penalty for betting on a horse race will be the same anywhere in the State.

The arguments of the Jockey Club are cogent, but incomplete. They say that betting on horse races is regulated and licensed under certain conditions in England, Germany and France. That is so. In France particularly betting on horse racing is conducted under official supervision, and the form of betting known as paris mutuels brings a large revenue to the Government.

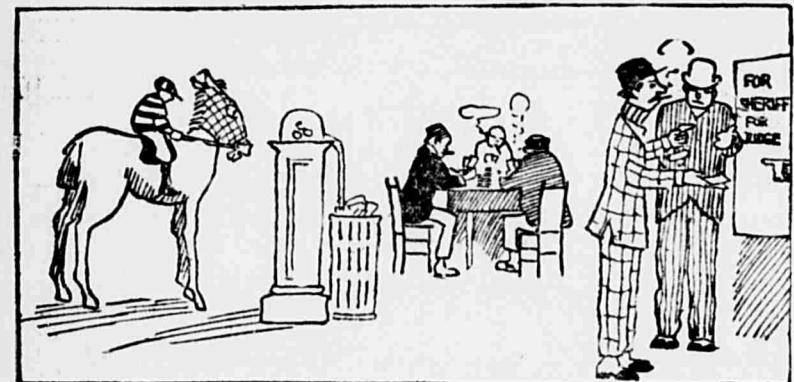
There is no doubt that the copying of the French system in New York would bring a large revenue here. The New York law does not tax the betting at all, but only the admission fees and other like receipts of the racing associations. Thus limited, the amount raised by taxation is trivial. If the French plan were applied in this State there would be millions of dollars of revenue resulting therefrom.

But the Jockey Club should have added that in France gambling-houses are licensed, the social evil is virtually licensed and the Paris Bourse is regulated by the Government in like manner as other forms of gambling.

Logically there can be no dissent from the Jockey Club's further statement:

"Certainly there is no more element of immorality in betting upon a thoroughbred test of speed than is connected with election betting, wagers on poker and bridge whist or speculation upon the rise and fall of the price of stocks."

This, too, is true.



Betting on a horse race is no more or no less gambling than election betting, poker, faro or stock speculation. They are all gambling. And the stock gambling is the worst because it destroys legitimate business and brings about panics.

There are two ways to treat gambling. One is to license and tax it. The other is to prohibit it.

The imposition of a tax of one-half of one per cent. collected from all gambling transactions which take place in this State would produce a revenue of more than two hundred million dollars, and a tax of one-half of one per cent. is very little. A tax of five per cent., if the volume of gambling continued—and this is no more than a bookmaker's percentage—would amount to two billion dollars a year.

What a glorious prospect this presents of everybody being able to live in idleness and luxury just by keeping on gambling and paying the tax on it!

The obstacles to this are only two: One is that if everybody gambled there would be no one left to earn an honest living and everybody would starve.

The other obstacle is Section 9, Article 1, of the State Constitution, which directs that "the Legislature shall pass appropriate laws" in order that no "lottery, pool selling, bookmaking or any other kind of gambling shall be allowed within this State."



## Letters from the People.

**Infrequent.**  
 To the Editor of The Evening World:  
 I have occasion often to take the Ninth Avenue "L" uptown at thirty-fourth street between 11 P. M. and midnight. Coming from the Opera House and elsewhere is a jam of people that often fills the stuffy, reeking waiting-room and the bleak, unprotected platform. For periods ranging from five minutes upward (often upward) these passengers shiver or smother while awaiting the crawling, too-tardy "L" trains that are so irregular and uncertain in coming. For a big city this seems to me outrageously bad management, and I hear complaints from many sources on the same theme.  
 P. K. DEERFIELD, JR.  
 March 17, 1909.

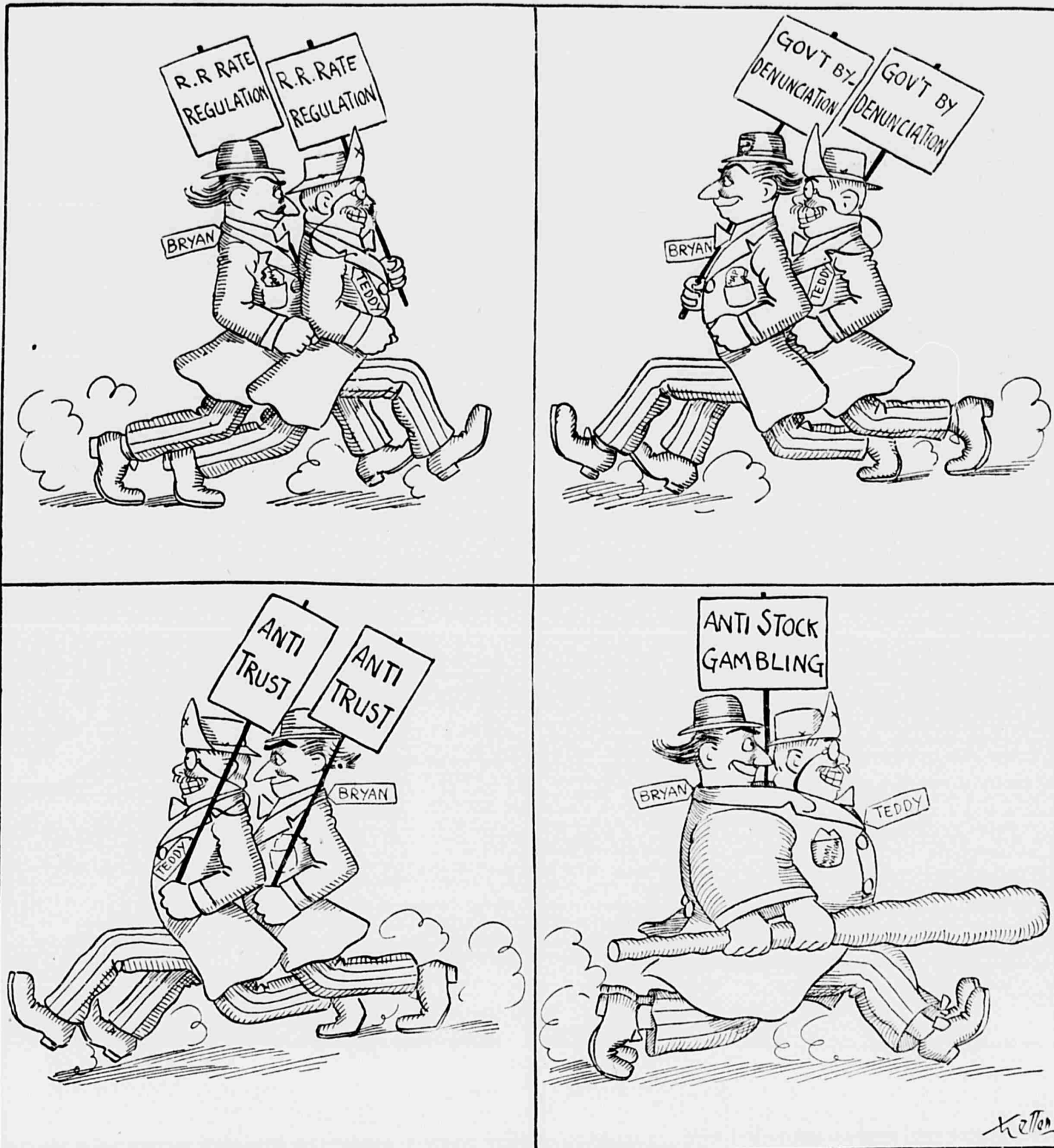
**Careless Speech.**  
 To the Editor of The Evening World:  
 It seems to me that the study of English is much neglected in our schools to-day. This is evident in the speech of many people. How many persons write and speak legitimate English? Very many persons—too many, in fact—sprinkle their conversation and writing with unnecessary slang. How many

persons, I wonder, can write a perfect letter, with words spelt correctly, with correct punctuation and paragraphing? Very few. The reason, I think, for this is the mode of teaching English in our schools. Before one can write really correct English one finds himself stranded in a maze of literature—good literature, of course. But is it not more important for one to know something of his mother tongue than to admire the works of great writers? Reading the works of great writers does not necessarily mean a disclosure of the mystery of writing correct English. What do readers think about this?  
 STUDENT.

**Pad Subway Service.**  
 To the Editor of The Evening World:  
 In the subway, during evening rush hours, the trains are hideously jammed and disgusting scenes of pushing and jostling and overcrowding occur. Yet the trains at these times usually run somewhere within fifteen minutes or so of their schedule. But between 6.30 and 7.30 P. M., when the uptown rush is practically over, the uptown trains often crowd along at a snail's pace, stopping and halting and taking some times (on express) 30 minutes or more from the bridge to Seventy-second street. There can be no excuse for this. Who can explain it?  
 STRAPHANGER.

## "Two Hearts That Beat as One."

By Maurice Ketten.



## Right Merrily the Left-Handed Compliments Fly Through the Air When Social Champions Like Mrs. Jarr and Mrs. Rangle Grapple

By Roy L. McCardell.



"WELL, I suppose I deserve it," said Mrs. Jarr with a sigh. "Of course there always was something suspicious about her and I WAS on my guard, but she played upon my sympathies, said she was all alone in the world, and all that sort of thing, and you know how one's heart goes out to another woman in distress!"

"On, to be sure," said Mrs. Rangle, who had dropped in for a chat. "I know how you feel about it, but you know what I always said about that Mrs. Kittingly. I suspected her from the first, and as I said to Mr. Rangle, 'Mrs. Jarr will regret taking up that woman!'"

"But I thought she was all right because you introduced her to me, you know," said Mrs. Jarr blandly, "even after the Hicketts!"

"Oh, please don't talk to me about those people!" interrupted Mrs. Rangle, feeling the delicacy of Mrs. Jarr's reminder.

"I know how it is," said Mrs. Jarr sympathetically. "As I have often said to Mr. Jarr, 'Why will Mrs. Rangle take up such people?'"

"Oh, well, of course you knew better than I because you have met more of that sort than I have," said Mrs. Rangle with a vinegary smile. "At home my parents were so extremely careful whom I met, that, really, I grew up innocent of the world and its ways. Now, of course, you have had more experience than I, being older."

"Oh, you mustn't think I'm older simply because I have a social circle—oh, well, I don't want to say anything, you know," said Mrs. Jarr, with an air to indicate she moved in a superior sphere.

Mrs. Rangle ignored this thrust and said: "Of course, when you and Mrs. Kittingly got so very thick I wondered at it, for, although I had met her, yet it was at one of those 'Bohemian' affairs, and the people one meets there can be out afterward!"

"Not if you make free with them," said Mrs. Jarr, with just a little emphasis on the "you." "And then, you know, Mrs. Hickett gave me to under-

stand that she and you had been chums and had gone to public school together."

"Not to public school together," said Mrs. Rangle, quickly. "Liza Hickett, her name was Wilkins then, went to public school, and used to pass our door when I would be coming out to go to a very select school, \$19 a quarter and everything extra, and you know how children are! In spite of our position in Harlem society, mamma had always taught me to be kind to working people, and I always have been, you know that!"

"Mr. Rangle is to have a raise of salary," said Mrs. Jarr, casually. "He worked in the same place, was shipping clerk or something with Mr. Hickett, wasn't he?" Then, before Mrs. Rangle could deny this, Mrs. Jarr continued, "You know it's different when one has an interest in the firm, as Mr. Jarr has. In such cases a superior does not necessarily maintain any social relations with 'subordinates.'"

"I didn't know Mr. Jarr had an interest in the firm, other than what he took in his business as an employee," said Mrs. Rangle, with feigned cordiality. "It isn't true, my dear, is it?" she continued, "that he may be laid off on account of the business situation?" Mrs. Rangle heard that all the small salaried men there would be laid off in turn till times got better."

"Yes, I believe the small salaried men will be, but tell Mr. Rangle not to worry if it occurs to him with HIS firm," said Mrs. Jarr, sweetly. "Mr. Jarr thinks Mr. Rangle a very deserving man, and, if the worst comes to the worst, he will see Mr. Rangle gets a situation under him."

Mrs. Rangle bit her lips, for Mr. Jarr HAD a better position than Mr. Rangle, and said, "Well, I must be going, dear. Now, don't worry about Mrs. Kittingly, and don't get intimate with that sort of people again, dear; it hurts one when one is trying to make the acquaintance of nice people."

"Oh, it can't hurt people of assured position," said Mrs. Jarr, with an air of calm superiority. "I am so interested in charities that no matter who I am seen with people say, 'Ah, another poor person Mrs. Jarr is helping!'"

Mrs. Jarr said this with an unctuous that indicated that this comment followed when the speaker was seen with the lady she addressed, and Mrs. Rangle retired in some confusion to run into Mrs. Hickett's house to say that since Mr. Jarr had stopped eating with his knife Mrs. Jarr was putting on high society airs.

Meanwhile Mrs. Jarr ran up stairs and told Mrs. Kittingly that Mrs. Rangle was a snake in the grass.

## Miss Lonely Goes on the Ice After Mr. Man.

By F. G. Long.



## The Story of the Opera N.

By Albert Payson Terhune.

NO. 26—GIORDANO'S "SIBERIA."

IN the great salon of Stephana, reigning beauty of Russia's capital, a gay group of officers were gathered in the eve of departure for the Turkish war. Among them were the gallant Waitzin, about to leave for his post as Governor of a Siberian prison; young Prince Alexis Brown, most ardent of Stephana's suitors; Gieby, the notorious spy, and many another local celebrity. Stephana, the fair hostess, alone was absent. To while away the time until her return the guests adjourned to the adjoining card-room. Scarce had they gone when Stephana hastily entered. To her old nurse Nikona she told of a strange adventure she had just encountered on her way home. She had met a young officer who (judging by her plain street dress that she was a working girl) had fallen in love with her at sight. She, too, had unconsciously been moved to return his love, though never expecting to see him again.



Stephana retired to her own room to dress. While she was thus engaged Vassili, Nikona's grandson, called to say farewell to his grandmother before going to Turkey with his regiment. He told the old woman about the lovely girl he had just met, and in the midst of a rhapsody on her charms when Stephana came in. She and Vassili recognized each other at once. Stephana at first feared the youth had followed her home to spy on her. But learning the truth from Nikona, she confessed her love for him. Vassili caught her rapturously in his arms just as Prince Alexis stroled in. Furious at the sight, the Prince cried: "Stephana, who is this?"

"The man I love!" she answered on the impulse of the moment. A gross insult burst from the enraged Prince's lips. In an instant both men's swords were out. Nikona, with a scream for help, rushed between them, but not before Alexis' blade had wounded. In rushed the other guests from the card-room. Vassili was disarmed and placed under arrest. He knew well the punishment for drawing a sword on a nobleman and a superior officer. Banishment to Siberia! His career was at an end.

"Farewell to my hopes of glory!" he groaned as he was led away. . . . A snow-covered military station on the borders of Siberia; a long line of chained prisoners, heavily guarded by soldiers, filed wearily past on their way to the living death of the Siberian mines. Here and there women and children exchanged a last farewell with the husbands and fathers whom the mines were about to engulf forever. A shriek dashed up. Stephana, clad in furs, leaped out and presented a written order to the captain of the guard—a permit allowing her to speak with "Convict No. 102." In another moment she was in Vassili's arms and gasping out her story. She had sold everything, given her wealth to the poor and had come to share her lover's hardships in Siberia. In vain Vassili pointed out the privations and miseries of such a life. She was firm in her resolve. Together they faced the horrors of banishment. . . .

The day before Easter, Vassili and Stephana, terribly changed by their life of toil in the trans-Baikal mines, were still happy, for their sufferings had thus far allowed them to be daily with each other. So hopeless were they of returning to Russia that when a crippled fellow-prisoner whom they had befriended showed them a possible way of escape by means of a dry well and a disused track they eagerly refused the offer. On Holy Saturday the military Governor, Waitzin, made his rounds of inspection, and unexpectedly came face to face with Stephana. Recognizing with amazement the former beauty of St. Petersburg, Waitzin offered to restore her to wealth and liberty. But she refused, declaring that she wished only to remain with Vassili. She persuaded Waitzin, however, to give the captives a sorely needed day of rest from their terrible toil.

The convicts, residing in their brief respite, strolled idly about the inclosure. One of them approached Stephana and her lover. Mutual recognition followed. The man was Gieby, the former spy, now a prisoner like themselves.

Gieby, with easy familiarity, sought to renew his acquaintance with Stephana. She scornfully repulsed him. Chagrined at the rebuff, Gieby publicly denounced her as an adventuress and related stories of her past which Vassili had never guessed. Stephana, in despair, told what she knew of the spy's own history and lashed him with her fierce contempt. But now that her story was known both she and Vassili felt they could no longer remain in the convict settlement. Vassili, knowing Stephana had been redeemed by love, freely forgave her past. The two resolved to take advantage of the hint given by the cripple and to escape.

At dusk they set out on their hazardous dash for freedom. But Gieby had overheard their plans and had warned the guard. A rifle volley crashed after the fugitives. Stephana reeled from a bullet wound. Vassili was overtaken and dragged back to the faithful and staggering along at his side, only to die in his arms as they were brought before the Governor. Vassili, mad with grief, threw himself weeping on the frozen ground beside the dead body of the woman who had given freedom, fortune and life itself to him.

## The Cave Dwellers of Italy.

By Antonio Mangano.

IN several of the towns (of Southern Italy) through which I passed, there were pointed out to me caves out into the solid rocks of the hillside where people are living. In one such cave house in Scilli, Sicily, there was a rough bed on one side of the cave, on the other walls were constructed of brush and mud and the roofs made of rough tiles or thatched with straw. The peasant has been most patient. Naturally light-hearted and long-suffering, he would cheerfully eat a piece of black bread and an onion for his morning meal, cornmeal mush seasoned with a little olive oil and bread for dinner, baked potatoes and a piece of goat's cheese with more black bread at night; and then, at the close of his humble repast, stoop down and touch the ground with his hand, and kissing it, thank God for his favors. In some of the remoter towns the simpler-minded people continue to do so. But contentment under such conditions could exist only so long as there was no contact with the outside world. Whether the land-holders desire it or not, progress is bound to come.—February Charities and the Commons.

## See What Man Thinks of Woman.

What Man Says Woman Must Not Do.

SHE must not smoke cigarettes.—Little Tim Sullivan and the Aldermen. She must not propose—not even in leap year.—Dr. Boynton. She must not try to dodge the stork.—Theodore Roosevelt. She must not drink in public.—The Rev. Johnston Myers and others. Must not fall a victim to the club habit.—Grover Cleveland.

What Court, Lawyers and Ministers Say.

They scratch each other worse than cats.—Judge Harvey Keeler, of Cleveland. Old women are dangerous.—J. Hamilton Lewis. Young girls should not go where women wear décollete gowns.—Magistrate Crane. Must not get a job against husband's wishes.—Judge Smiley. He—! is full of automobiles, chorus girls and peekabo waists.—Evangelist Torrey. Society women are man-eating tigresses.—Father Vaughan.

Things Men Say Women Must Not Wear.

Hats in theatres.—Chicago ordinance. Bloomers.—Municipal law. Big sleeves.—Prince of Wales. Feathers and birds.—Iowa law. Long skirts which act as street sweepers.—Chicago Health Department. Pompadours.—Pittsburg department stores. Gayly-colored waists.—Chicago department stores.

## Leaves from a Broker's Diary.

NOV. 1.—Looked up bank account to-day. Find I'm \$50 overdrawn. Bank reported in bad way. Sorry.  
 NOV. 2.—Man called at office with bill. Asked for payment. Had him arrested for dangerous lunatic.  
 NOV. 3.—Customer came in to buy some stock; office force fainted.  
 NOV. 4.—Funny man propounded query: "Would you rather have a gold piece with a motto or a motto without a gold piece?" Kicked him for luck.  
 NOV. 5.—Borrowed \$2. Credit still good.  
 NOV. 6.—Borrowed 50 cents. Gloomy days.  
 NOV. 7.—Borrowed a dime. Thell with it.  
 NOV. 8.—Stopped eating.  
 NOV. 9.—To the Salvation Army. Hallelujah!—Goldfield Gossip.

## A Locomotive in a Thimble.

THE smallest locomotive engines in the world weigh twelve grains and three drops of water fill its boiler. This miniature marvel was constructed by an ingenious American. Despite the fact that it could be placed inside a thimble, it is composed of 110 distinct pieces and is held together by fifty-two screws. The stroke of the piston is one-twelfth of an inch and its diameter is less than one-ninth of an inch; yet when it gets in motion it works as though it were the strongest and biggest locomotive that ever ran on rails.